

BAD ALL OVER...?

PROG 456
8 FEB 86

\$1.80 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
85c Germany
210g Venus
85g Moon
10g Asgard Bah
110g Saturn
2g Pluto
42g Neptune

24p
EARTH MONEY

ON STAGE
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

Dave
Cluck
Five

...NO! JUST
CHICKEN-PLUCKIN'
AWFUL!

Running order:
1. KAMELUMBA
2. LITTLE RED DROVER
3. CHICKEN PLUCKIN'
4. ALL CORPUS
5. OLD REMINDER
6. CLUCK FIVE

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

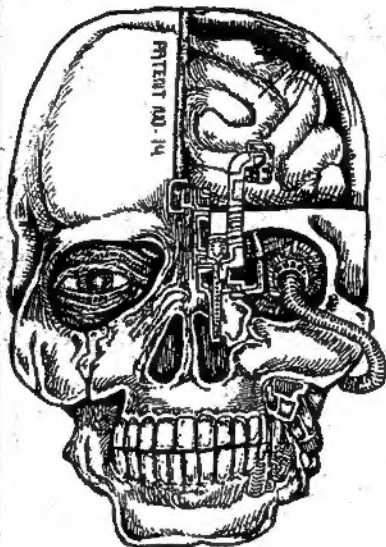
There are some alien editors who would look at the enormous thrill-power content of my recent progs – what with adventure games, new series and the like – and feel they had done all that could be asked of them. Not so Tharg the Mighty! This prog sends another surge through your circuits with the advent of a brace of Art Robots whose stars are firmly in the ascendant. The work of John Higgins on my *Future Shocks* pleased me enough to give him a *Judge Dredd* story in my 1986 Annual – and that story pleased me enough to command him to draw this prog's Dredd tale. The Pin-Up of *Slaine* at the back of this prog also heralds the introduction to my cosmic comic of Mark Dunn...fresh off the assembly line and ready to do a great deal of hard work for scant reward. Such is the generosity of Tharg the Mighty!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG



Drawn by Earthlet Jonathan Bagge, Sheffield.
£10 Winner.



CYBORG

Drawn by Earthlet Simon Hinds,
Bradford. £10 Winner.

THARG'S, ALL THARG'S!

Dear Mrs Tharg,

(At least, I imagine there is a Mrs Tharg, as they say that behind every great man is a greater woman), I wish to thank you for supplying "The Magnificent One" with the extra thrill-power to make 2000 AD the best comic in the universe. The *Slaine* game is brilliant. Not since the invention of sliced brown polystyrene cups has such a major exciting influence sparked the brain cells.

P.S. Is your Tharg really egotistical, or is it a put-on and really he's shy?

From very curious Earthlet Fran Ritchie, Exeter. £5 Winner.

There is no Mrs Tharg; the credit for "Tomb Of Terror" is all mine: – unaided, with only my natural genius to sustain me in my vast efforts. However, as you surmise, I am not even remotely egotistical.

THE PRIZE IS RIGHT

Tharg!

Long have I waited! 7 years of torment, waiting for the intergalactic postman! Back in Prog 85, my letter was printed in your wondrous magazine; I almost died for joy, for being noticed by you! Then I waited for my £2 prize (As it was in those days. Tharg) – for 7 long years I have waited, until now, aged 17, I beg you to give an old man some pleasure by sending me my readies (accounting, of course, for interstellar inflation).

From ancient Earthlet Michael Campbell, Solihull. £2 plus 7 years' compound interest @ 10% = £3.88 Winner.

It is very, very rare for a prizewinner not to receive his prize; and even more rare for said winner not to claim said prize until 7 years have elapsed. However, not for nothing do they call me Tharg the Generous: the groats are on their way.

ENTIRELY WARPED?

Dear Tharg,

A while back, some ignorant Sassenach wrote in about a dispute on how to pronounce *Slaine*. Being a true Celt, and nearly fluent in Irish (or Gaelic to some), I would like to clarify it for him. The English pronunciation is "Slawnleh". So there. Also, in Irish, *Slaine* means "entireness" or "soundness". From Earthlet Conn MacEvilly, Dublin. £5 Winner. Thank you for that valuable piece of information. Other Terran pronunciation queries include "Murdach", "Tlachta" and "Guledig"...I await your next letter with interest.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.
2.
3.

I Dislike:

My Age is 456

ADVERTISEMENT

111 STAMPS FREE!

(ALL DIFFERENT)



This special gift packet includes BIRDS, ANIMALS, FLOWERS, giant BUTTERFLY, PAINTINGS, FOOTBALL and a WEST INDIES SCOUT issue, plus many more beautiful pictorial stamps. All are guaranteed genuine.

Just send your name and address and enclose a stamp for postage and we will send you this wonderful packet ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

We will also send our famous pictorial Approvals (a selection of stamps from which you can choose and buy if you wish, or otherwise return).

If you are under 16, please tell your parents and ask them to sign your letter.

BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD.
(Dept. W71), BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE
WV16 5AG

ADVERTISEMENT

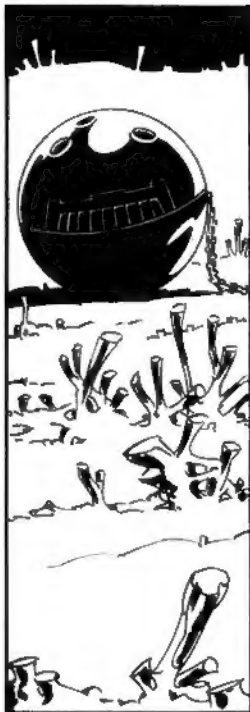
STAMP QUIZ

DO YOU KNOW:

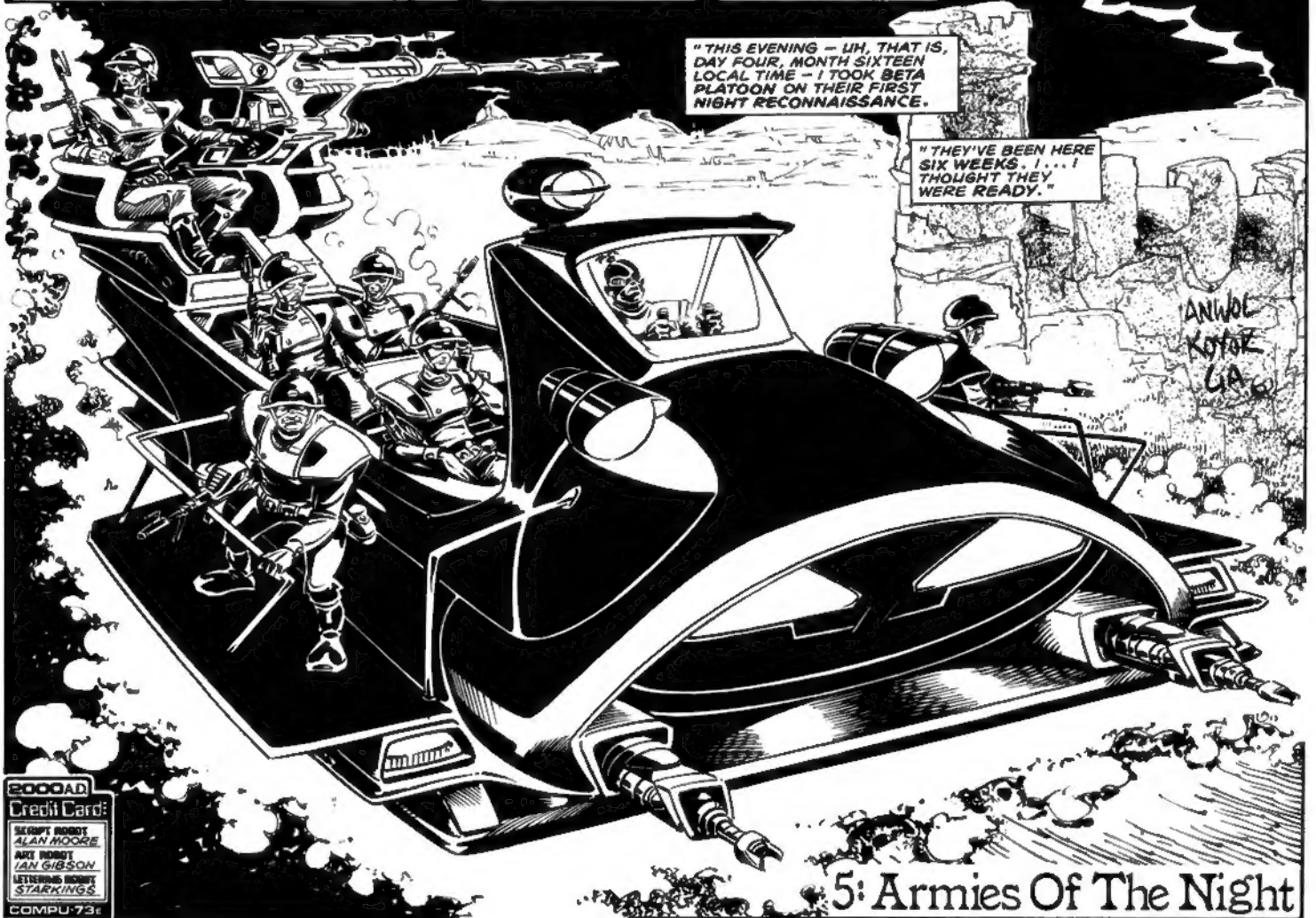


1. What country puts ESPANA on its stamps?
 2. Was the "PENNY SLACK" the first stamp?
 3. Does JERSEY issue stamps?
 4. Do Irish stamps have "EIRE" on them?
- PRIZES: We will send you 25 choice stamps free for each correct answer. 150 diff. fine stamps free (catalogued about £7.50) plus the famous 110-year-old British PENNY RED stamp (Cat. 80p) for 4 correct answers. (max. number of stamps you can receive is 151). We will also send you our wonderful New Approvals. Post free. Please inform your parents.

UNIVERSAL STAMP CO (Dept. AD7)
Eastrington, Goole, North Humberside DN14 7OG



The Ballad Of HALO JONES



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT: ROBERT
ALAN MOORE
ART: ROBERT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING: ROBERT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73E

5: Armies Of The Night

"PRIVATE WHEELER, RIDING SHOTGUN, DIED INSTANTLY. THE DRIVE CYLINDER WAS SMASHED UP THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE TRANSPORTER, INJURING PRIVATE MOLTO AND MYSELF."

"I THINK THE REST WERE THROWN CLEAR AS THE VEHICLE WENT OVER."

"I...UNNGH...I BLACKED OUT FOR A SECOND. WHEN I CAME TO I WAS UNDER THE VEHICLE. I COULD HEAR SCREAMING AND GUNFIRE..."

"A GROUP OF LOBIS LOYO FANN GUERRILLAS... TWO MEN, ONE WOMAN, TWO FEMALE CHILDREN... WERE FIRING ON US FROM COVER. WE'D BEEN AMBUSHED."

"DITTO'S BURNT! SHE'S ALL BURNT UP!"

"I CAN SEE 'EM! I CAN..."

"EEEEEEGH!"

"UH..."

"I SAW PRIVATE BEKTI VASSAR SUNNED DOWN, AND THEN I THINK PRIVATE MANISH THREW A SPLASHLIGHT IN THE UNDERGROWTH... UNNGH..."

"TWO GUERRILLAS BROKE COVER, BURNING AND SCREAMING."

"AS THE PETRIFIED BRACKEN CAUGHT FIRE, THE... UHHH... THE REST FOLLOWED, DISCHARGING THEIR WEAPONS RANDOMLY, IN PANIC."

"PRIVATES SHAHI MANISH AND LYNCHIE WELCH FATALLY WOUNDED TWO MORE GUERRILLAS BEFORE BEING HIT THEMSELVES. I... EHHHHH... DON'T KNOW IF THEIR WOUNDS WERE FATAL."

"THE FINAL TERRORIST... A GIRL OF AROUND SEVEN... RAN AWAY."

NOW IT'S QUIET. I'M UNDER THE VEHICLE RECORDING THIS AND NOBODY ANSWERED WHEN I SPOKE. ARE THEY ALL DEAD?

OH, OH, THIS HURTS! I'M GOING TO TRY TO MOVE FROM UNDER HERE... SEE HOW MUCH I'VE DAMAGED MY LEGS...

UHHNK. OUGH... WHERE...?

WH- WHERE ARE THEY?

WHERE ARE MY...

OH SWEET MATTHEW, MARX, LUKE AND JUNG...

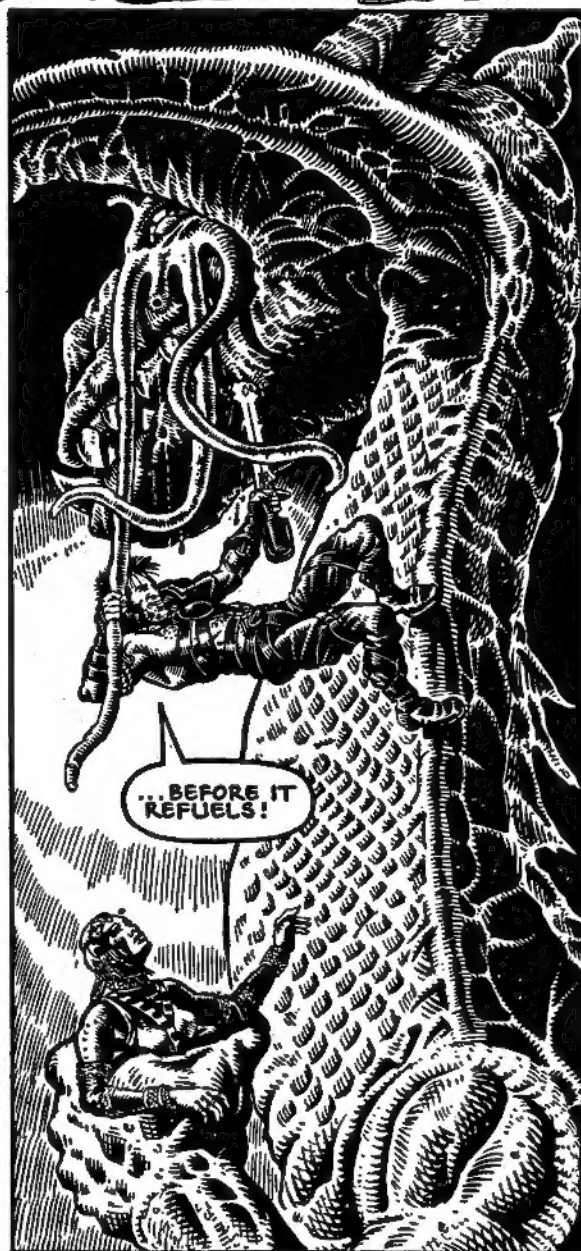
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

I DUNNO.

HEARD ANY GOOD JOKES?



SLÁINE AND MOGROOTH HAD MET NIDHUG,
GUARDIAN OF THE TOMB... AND NOT
PLEASANT WAS ITS WELCOME...



BUT NO SWORD COULD BREAK
NIDHUG'S CRYSTAL SKULL...



HACK
THROUGH
ITS
COILS!



NO! DON'T
HARM HIM!

GET
OUT OF
THE WAY!



TLACHTGA WAS STILL
UNDER THE SERPENT'S
INFLUENCE...

HE'S
GOING
TO KILL
YOU!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND
... IN NIDHUG'S EYES, I'M
BEAUTIFUL... TONIGHT I'M
TO BE HIS BRIDE!





NIDHUG BLASTED
ANOTHER JET OF
FLAME AT SLAINE
AND MOGROOTH.



AS THE SMOKE
CLEARED...

WHERE...
WHERE IS
SHE?



UP
THERE!



TLACHTGA!



NO!





TLACHTGA!

IT'S
NO USE,
MOGROOTH...



SHE'S
GONE.



CALGACUS, OEAHOO, GIYA
AND NOW TLACHTGA
WERE DEAD...

WE WONDERED UNEASILY
IF ANY OF US WOULD
SURVIVE THE HORRORS
OF THE DARK GOD'S
TOMB.



HER DEATH
WAS NOT IN VAIN,
MY FRIEND. NIDHUG'S
BLOOD WILL HELP US
COMPLETE OUR MISSION.
IT'S CHARGED WITH
EARTH POWER...



NEST USED IT TO
PAINT OGHAMS
(CELTIC RUNES)
ON US...

THE MYSTIC
SIGN WILL PUT
YOU UNDER THE
PERSONAL
PROTECTION
OF THE
GODDESS...



...AND STOP YOU
BEING DRIVEN
INSANE BY THE
SIGHT OF THE
DARK GOD.



HOW
COMB
SLAINE
GETS
TWO?

IT IS A SPECIAL
SIGN TO GIVE HIM
STRENGTH WHEN HE
FACES THE STAR-
BEING...



SLAINE BEARS
THE DEATH OGHAM...
THE MARK OF A
KILLER!



THE HIDEOUS CRY
ECHOED UPWARDS...
LIKE NOTHING ON
EARTH... AN
OBSCENE, HALF-
NEIGHING, HALF-
GRUNTING SOUND...

WHAT
IS IT?

GRIMNISMAL
EXULTING AT
HIS IMPENDING
RESURRECTION
AND THE
DESTRUCTION OF
THE EARTH!

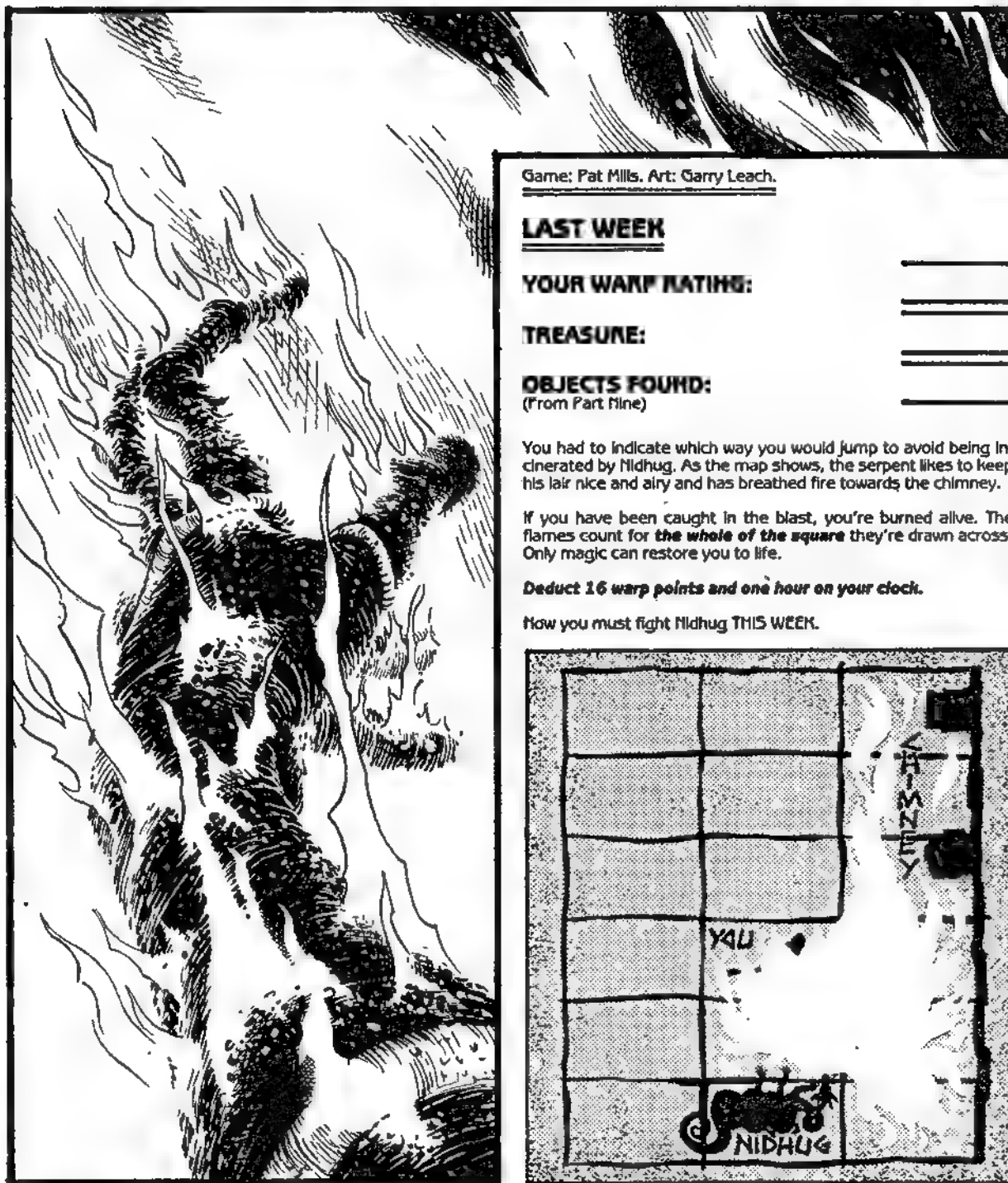


IT MEANS...

...I AM COMING!

Next: THE DARK
CRYSTAL!

WORMS OF FEAR PART 10



Game: Pat Mills. Art: Garry Leach.

LAST WEEK

YOUR WARP RATING: _____

TREASURE: _____

OBJECTS FOUND:

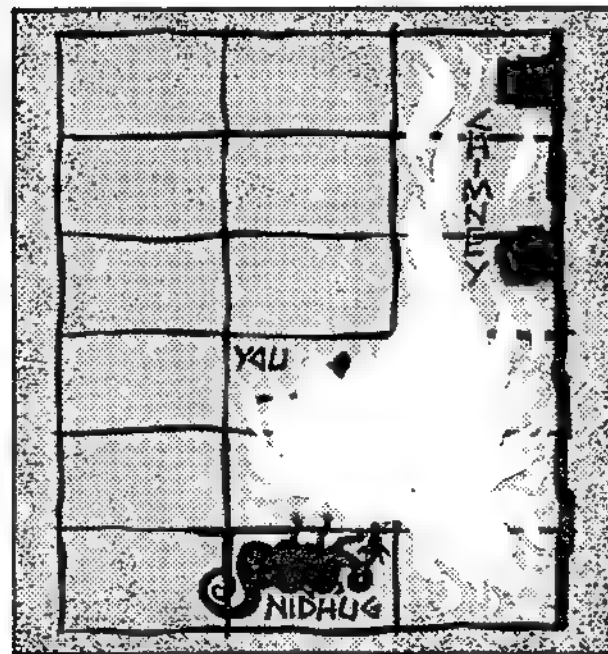
(From Part Nine)

You had to indicate which way you would jump to avoid being incinerated by Nidhug. As the map shows, the serpent likes to keep his lair nice and airy and has breathed fire towards the chimney.

If you have been caught in the blast, you're burned alive. The flames count for **the whole of the square** they're drawn across. Only magic can restore you to life.

Deduct 16 warp points and one hour on your clock.

Now you must fight Nidhug **THIS WEEK**.



THIS WEEK

You battle it out with Nidhug. Because he's a fire-breather, you must add 2 to his total in each combat round. When you have reduced his warp rating to 12, he will disappear up the chimney with Tlachtga. He will not fight to the death. You do **not** take his warp rating for driving him off.

NIDHUG'S WARP RATING: 18. COMBAT ADD: + 2. TIME: 10 MINUTES OR MAGIC PENALTY: 40 MINUTES.

Afterwards, you must deduct another 8 warp points because Tlachtga was killed and the loss of this warrior will reduce your group's fighting strength.

THE MARK OF A KILLER

Using Nidhug's blood, Nest paints a Death Ogham on your face. This will give you added strength in your coming battle with Grinnismal. From now on, add 2 to your total in each combat round.

TREASURE

Ukko whines at you to take the dragon's treasure chest with you.

You may...

Let him have a handful of treasure to shut him up - worth 40 TP.
Take half the treasure in the chest with you - worth 150 TP.
This will slow you down by ten minutes.
Take the **whole** chest with you - worth 300 TP.
This will slow you down by twenty minutes.

Make your decision now and deduct any time lost from your clock.

THE DESCENT

At the end of the episode you began the descent to the third and final level of the tomb. As you climb down, you spot a bottle on a rocky outcrop. As Nest brings the torch closer, you see it's filled with a strange green liquid. Make a note that you have it.

Beyond it is a hole through which waste gases are escaping from the tomb. You consider blocking it with a boulder to slow down Grinnismal's revival.

But then a huge pteranodon flaps towards Ukko and starts pecking at the treasure. Ukko savagely fights the flying reptile off, but it comes back for more. You notice the pteranodon's nest nearby with something glinting in it.

Will you...

- A) Drink the liquid in the bottle? ☐
- B) Block the hole to gain more time? ☐
- C) Chuck the pteranodon some treasure? Indicate the amount here.... and deduct it from your treasure score. ☐
- D) Have a look in the pteranodon's nest? ☐

Tick **one choice** only and see next week what will happen to you. Make a note of your final score in the box below.

YOUR FINAL WARP RATING:

OBJECTS FOUND:

TREASURE:



NEXT PROG: WILL YOU CRACK THE TOMB CODE?

JUDGE DREDD

Beggar's Banquet

HE'D BEEN SPARECHANGING HALF THE NIGHT UP IN THE SLEEZE QUARTER, BUT HE HADN'T PICKED UP ENOUGH FOR A BED FOR THE NIGHT -

LOOKS LIKE THE OLD ROCKCRETE PILLOW FOR YOU TONIGHT, SHINEY



FOREFEARS YOU!
I WAS HERE
FIRST!

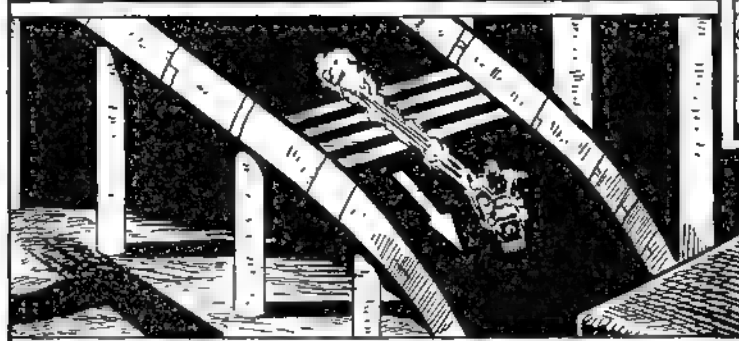


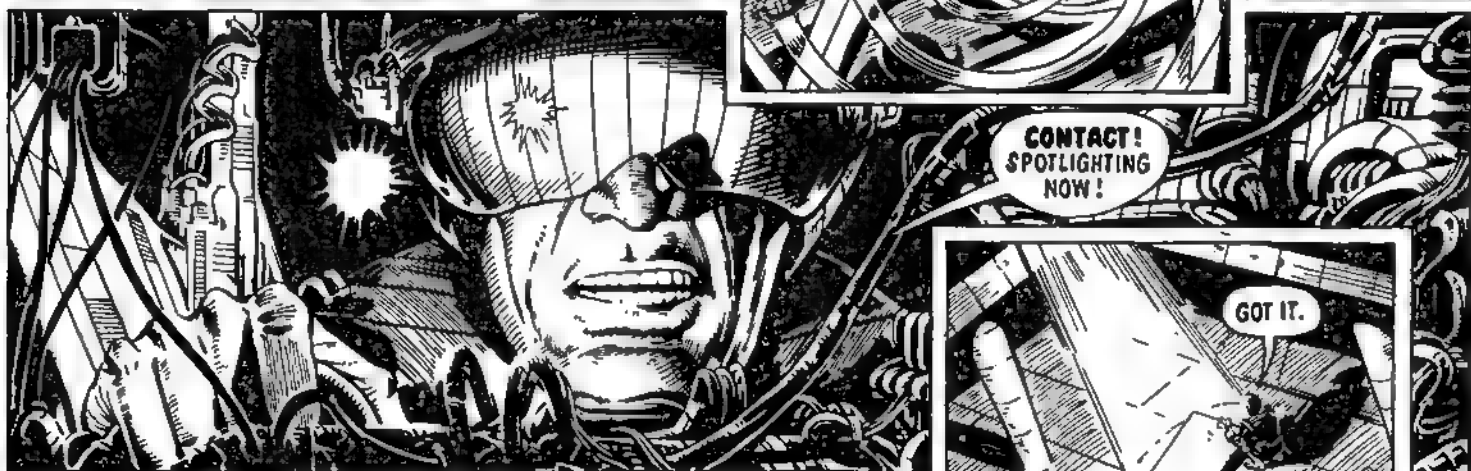
THEN HE SEES THEIR FACES...

...AND HE KNOWS IT'S NO
BED THEY'RE AFTER!

AAAAAAA







**BENEATH THE STREETS ANOTHER WORLD -
THE OLD CITY, SEALED OFF AND LEFT TO
MOULDER. . .**



**... A DARK, DECAYING
NIGHTMARE!**

**AHEAD, A GLOW - AND AN
ODOUR HANGING IN THE STALE
AIR... THE UNMISTAKEABLE
STENCH OF PUTREFYING
FLESH...**







DREDD TO CONTROL!
WE GOT A NEST OF
CANNIBALS DOWN HERE.
ORGANISE AN IMMEDIATE
CLEAN UP OPERATION.



PHEW! AFTER THIS I'M TURNING OVER
A NEW LEAF, JUDGE! I'M GONNA
GET BACK ON WELFARE - START
LIVIN' CLEAN - STOP
SPARECHANGING -

SPARECHANGING?
YOU ADMIT YOU'VE
BEEN BEGGING?



THREE
MONTHS!

K
L
K



THE CLEAN UP IS SWIFT AND MERCILESS -

UNNN!

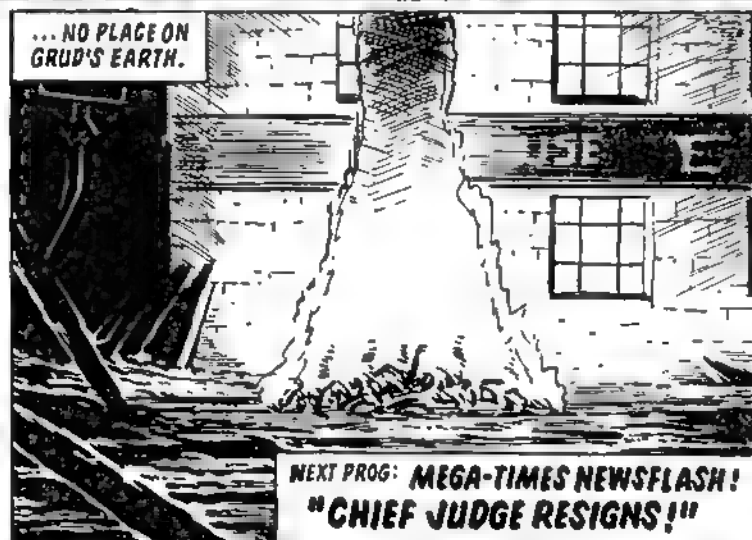
AAAAIEEEEE!



THAT'S IT.



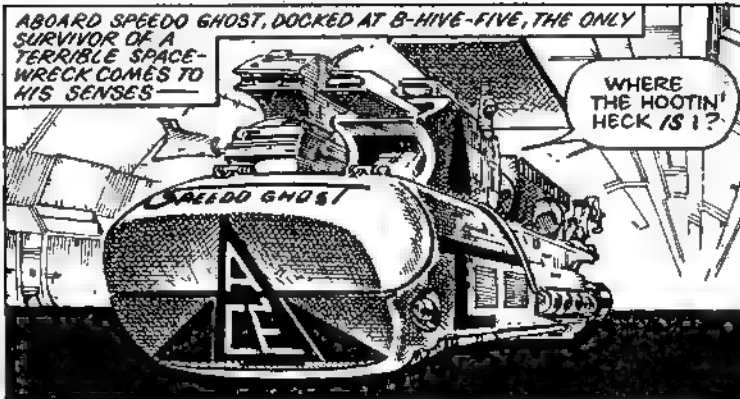
THE MEGA-CITY HAD CREATED THEM,
AND NOW THERE WAS NO PLACE IN
THE CITY FOR THEM...



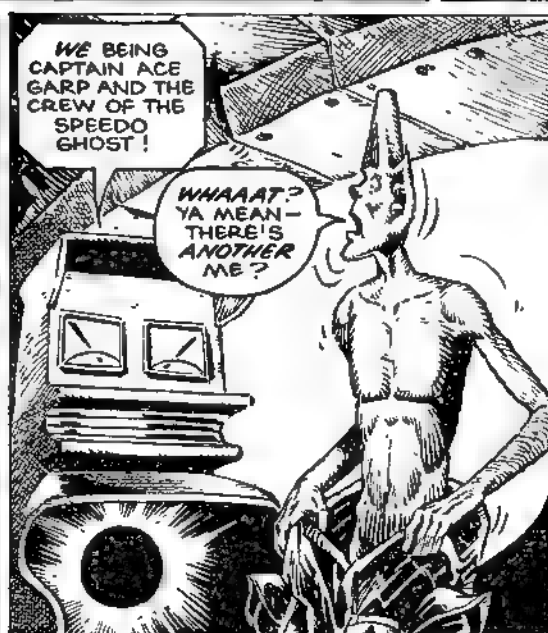
... NO PLACE ON
GRUD'S EARTH.

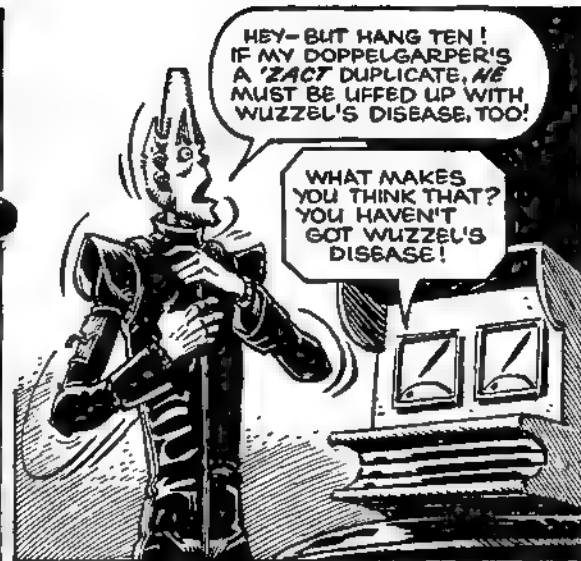
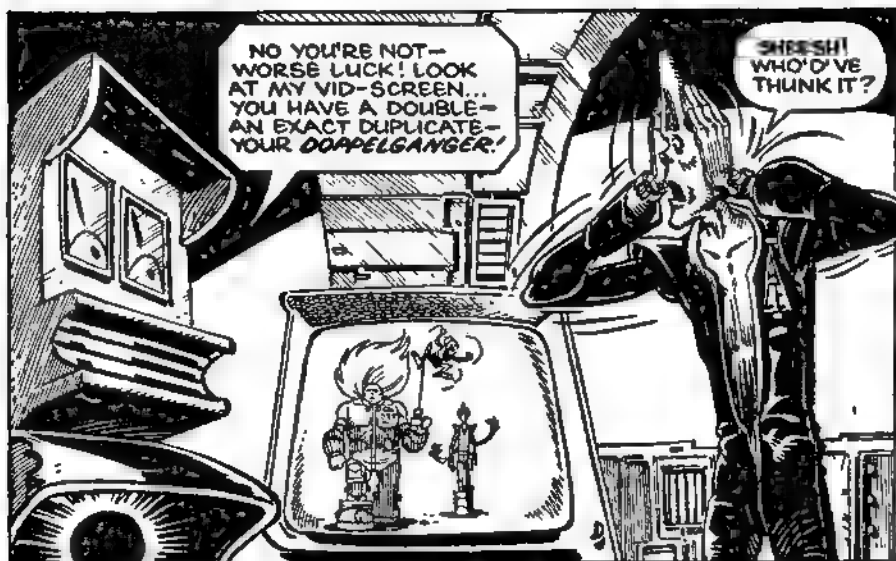
NEXT PROG: MEGA-TIMES NEWSFLASH!
"CHIEF JUDGE RESIGNS!"

ACE TRUCKING CO. The Doppelgarp

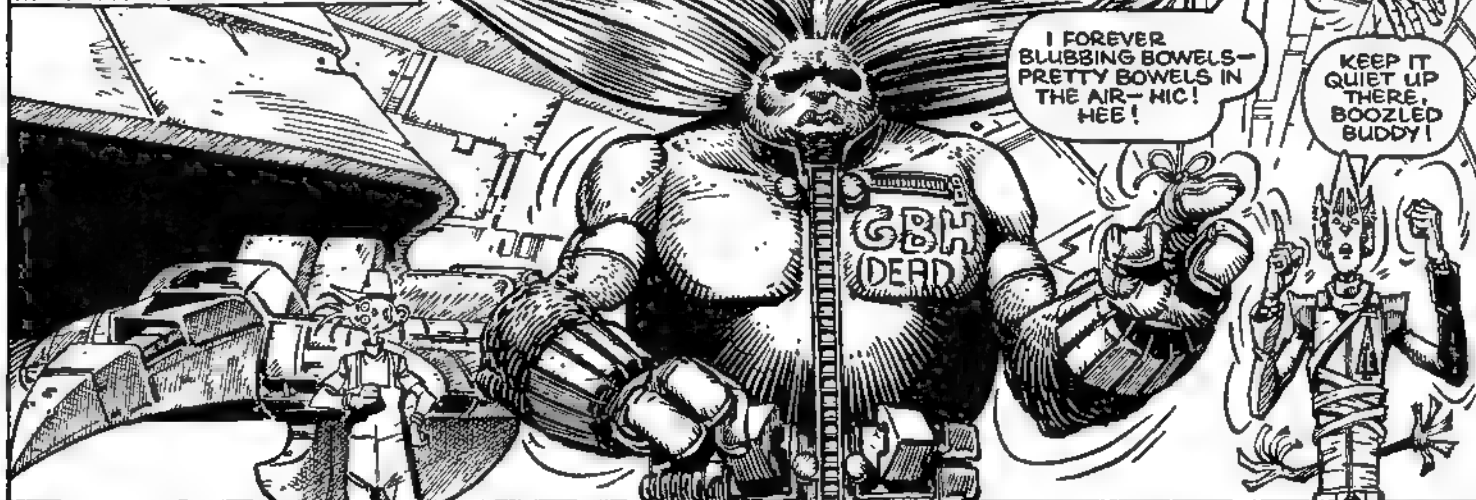


2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT GROVER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73c





MEANWHILE, THE OTHER ACE HAS
BEEN BUYING *ILLEGAL BOOZLBUGS*
TO *SMUGGLE TO UCKPUCK*, THE
CHICKEN WORLD, WHERE THEIR
HIGHLY-INTOXICATING EFFECT IS
MUCH-PRIZED





YA CAN BET YOUR LUCKY CHUKKIES THEM CACKLERS'LL BE ON THE BIP FOR US, G-B-H! WE TAKE FEEK BACK TO THE LUG LIKE THIS, THEY'S GONNA KNOW WE'S CARRYIN' SMUGGLUG!



SO WHAT DO WE DO, ACE? BOX HIM UP?

THAT'S A NIX, BIFFIN' BUDDY. CACKLERS'D SEARCH IT FOR SURE! NOPE, THERE'S ONLY ONE SAFE WAY - CAMMYFLAGE!



IT'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, G.B.! I'LL TAKES 'EM ALL!



FEEK CRACKAWAY! FEEK CRACKAWAY! OH HEE HEE!

HOLD HIM STILL...

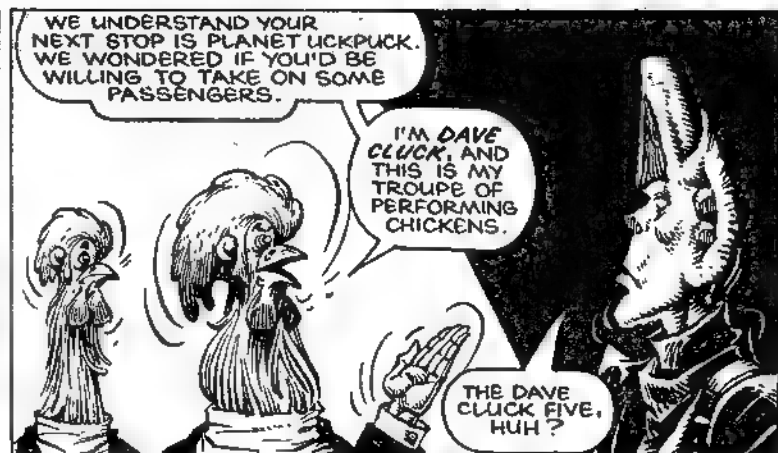


THAT OUGHTA KEEP HIS KRAW SHUT!



KNOCK! KNOCK!

BACK AT SPEEDO GHOST—



NEXT PROB-
WHEN TWO
AS MEET!

793 AD... IN AN UNDERGROUND CAVERN
IN NORTHERN NORWAY —

...SO THERE I WAS, GUARDIN' ME
BRIDGE, WHEN I HEARS THESE
HOOVES PIT-PAT-PATTERIN'
ACROSS. SO I SEZ — "AN'
WHERE D'YOU THINK YOU
BE GOIN', LITTLE 'UN?"

Strontium DOG

2000AD
Credit Card

SCRIPT: ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
AND HUMPHY
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING: ROBOT
IN THE MIDDLE
COMPLI 73c

"ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE,
SIR," SEZ HE. "OH NO YOU AIN'T,"
SEZ I, QUICK AS A FLASH...

"YOU'RE A-GOIN'
IN MY POT!"

LIAR! YOU
AIN'T GOT
NO POT,
FEE!

YOU SHUT YOUR FACE, FUM! POT'S
JUST A FIGGER O' SPEECH. AIN'T IT?









NEXT PROG. **A CANTERBURY TROLL!**

2000
STAR
PIN-UP

